

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER OWNER AND PUBLISHER IN GREAT BRITAIN, IN HIS LUXURIOUS OFFICE IN THE LONDON DAILY MAIL.

INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED HARMSWORTH

The Astonishing Young Leader of London Journalism Tells How He Came to Succeed.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—I had an interview to-day with Alfred Harmsworth, that astonishing young man who is called the Nestor of London Journalism.

The talk took place in his luxurious offices in the Daily Mail, but though I conversed with him for half an hour, I came away, thinking that I, and not he, had been interviewed.

Harmsworth has a way of sizing you up, of drinking you in, of learning all there is to learn in you, in a very short time.

As for himself, he impresses you just as a handsomely bound volume impresses the gaze. Solidity strikes at you, though the volume may not be heavy, but you are sure there is something worth reading and knowing inside. That is the way with this young man whose enterprise is the talk of literary and business London.

Mr. Harmsworth is about thirty-four years old. He has been in business eighteen years. In that time he has made \$40,000,000, or over two millions a year; not a bad business record.

He began when he was sixteen, a boy just out of school. He found school slow, and the boy asked his father, a London barrister of good name but no fortune, if he might leave the hall of learning and go to work. His father said: "Alfred, choose your own road." He chose journalism.

In England eighteen years ago journalism was a scrub profession. A journalist generally had to do something else in order to live. But the young fellow who looked as old as he does now, managed to prove to the proprietors of the London Illustrated News that he was worth \$25 per week. He earned it and he got it.

From that time on, he worked hard all day and studied finance at night. What he learned by night he practiced by day. He saved his money, and pretty soon he was in a position to purchase a paper. "It is easily done, if you are willing to save for it," he says. About that time Harmsworth thought it was wise to get a wife, so he married a very pretty

and well-bred London girl, who proved of the greatest assistance to him in his work. When he bought the first publication, Mrs. Harmsworth worked by his side in the office because he was poor and could not hire many clerks. At night they went home together and were happy through it all.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.
To-day Mrs. Harmsworth is one of the most elegant women in London. Still young, more than pretty, slender, delightful, full of repartee and always elegantly dressed, she is the centre of every circle which she will consent to grace. Mr. Harmsworth, looking at her, says: "A man to be successful must have a happy home; that is one of the secrets of success."

On the day your correspondent called upon Mr. Harmsworth he found him seated in his office. But the word office seems a misnomer. It was a large room magnificently furnished. Full of easy chairs, hung with fine pictures, fitted with every luxury in the form of couches and cosy nooks, it was an idealized office. At the centre table sat the proprietor. But he was not loitering nor taking it easy. Upon his able lay a type-written manuscript, the leading editorial for the London Mail, and Mr. Harmsworth, who is the editor-in-chief, was going over it carefully, making corrections in it by hand.

"This is my pleasure," said he, looking up. "and you will excuse me if I finish. A man must have some pleasure in his life; mine is journalism. I enjoy it; it is my life, my recreation, my joy. I never tire of work upon a newspaper. I could personally take up the pen and conduct the next morning's paper successfully, though they are so numerous that I cannot always examine each issue. "That is the secret of success—concentration! There is no other secret, but I will tell you one more. A man does not do it in a one-eyed way, so as to become a crank. He must look at a matter from all sides.

"There are men and business men, too, who regard their work as one thing and their play another. As soon as they can escape from work they go and play. Such men rarely make a fortune. They may be happy, but they do not get rich."

"A man should put all his time and thought into a thing if he wants to succeed. After he has won success then he can put all his time and thought into play if he so desires."

ONLY A MEASURE.
"Now, mind you, I do not say that I have won success. They would be saying too much. I only claim to have won a measure of it. I have managed to come up from nothing to the ownership of many periodicals and have made a fortune."

"How would I advise a man to go to work to make a fortune, similar to mine or to any other great fortune? By working for it. Save your money, work hard, think a great deal and concentrate. Do not let half-heartedness enter the matter. "Another secret of success and riches is the willingness to experiment. I do not mean to change your line of work, for the ability to stick to a thing is one of the secrets of success. But I mean to try new things in your own line of work. Try to do better things and to do them more quickly than your rivals. If you have laid in a lot of new machinery and you see that by throwing it out and getting another set of machinery, you can do the same work quicker and better don't be afraid to try it; it will pay for itself."

"My brothers and I have long since adopted this policy of trying every new thing. We pay men large salaries all the year around to experiment for us. They try new presses, new stereotyping apparatus, new everything in journalism, and when they find a thing that works quickly and well, we adopt it. In our newspaper, the London Mail, we have a lot of machinery that are practically unknown outside, because others are not willing to try them. Mind you, I am not boasting; but you ask me how I got along, and continue

to get along, and I am giving you one of my secrets."

"Do smarter men than I fail? Yes, indeed. And there are many reasons why they do so. The principal one is drink. I am a teetotaler, though not a bigot nor a fanatic. Once, when very searish, I took quantities of champagne and I should do so again. I do not think that drink is a good thing for a business man, as it makes him stupid and clogs his brain. That is the reason why I do not drink. "Other men fail because they are lazy; they would rather play than work. That is all right for them if they do not care for success. They may be happy in their own way, but we were speaking of success."

Any man can have anything he wants if he is willing to work for it. Concentration is the key note to success. That is all.

"My methods of work? Why I haven't any. I work late at night and have fallen into the way of reading my mail in bed in the morning. At the same time, I dictate an article or two. I write a little along every line in the newspaper, from editorials to news and fiction. It is a pleasure."

"The four requisites to success are concentration, ability to work hard in a physical way, a happy home and self-denial. A man must have all of these."

At this moment one of the doors opened and the city editor, with a perplexed look upon his face, appeared in the opening. Mr. Harmsworth beckoned him in. Outside stood a long line of reporters. Evidently the city editor had something important to put before his chief and his lieutenants were waiting to carry it out.

"One more word," said Mr. Harmsworth, grasping my hand. "Don't try to do two things at once. The physician who formerly edited a newspaper at the same time that he practiced medicine and the barrister who took cases and wrote editorials are going out of style. Nowadays a man does only one thing, but he does that one thing very well."

S. A. S. R. sent out a most practical and intelligent gentleman, Mr. C. H. Scott, to carefully examine the previous survey which had been run between the creeks, which would have rendered freight hauling impossible, but Mr. Scott at once saw the eligibility of coming directly by this place, and it not only helped us around here, but put the road within five miles of Lunenburg, where a very good road had been made.

Heretofore they have had to wagon all their market crops to Petersburg. I think that the time will come when the people of the lower end of the two counties will erect a monument to Mr. Scott, their financial saviour.

Heretofore there has been no market for these lands or timber, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per acre being considered by a purchaser a fair valuation for most lands. Timber could be bought here two years ago, delivered to the purchaser by the saw-mill owner, at any reasonable distance, at \$1.50 per thousand feet. Now there are men from a distance buying all the timber in the county.

Now that the great Franco-Russian physician has discovered the fountain of perennial youth, let us all be happy.

Mr. Trigg's Value to the South.
Yesterday's New York Commercial has the following in reference to Mr. William R. Trigg, of this city:

A few men of the calibre of William R. Trigg, of Richmond, Va., would wonder the world for the business world for his connection with the Richmond Locomotive Works. Ever since his plant built the machinery for the battleship Texas he has been turning over in his mind the problem of establishing a ship-building plant on the James river. Less than two years ago he organized the William R. Trigg Company, of Richmond, Va., and has been working on the construction of several torpedo boats for the United States government, at a site which eighteen months ago was a swamp. Moreover, he has just captured the contract for one of the new cruisers of the Denver class.

A Joke Within a Joke.
"I don't think the editor will sit on this joke," said the funny man, as he laid down his pen.

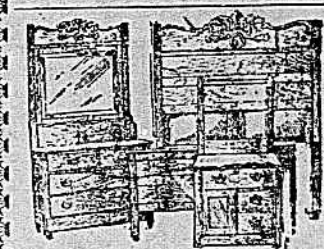
"Because of the point, I presume," said the horse reporter.

"No; but because it's a standing joke," replied the man of humor, "one of the crowded street-car brand, you know."—Chicago News.

Ask us for prices on best Anthracite Splint and Steam Coal before placing your order for winter supplies. New Phone 72. — WARNER MOORE.

The Tide of Bargains Comes With a Sweeping, Roaring Rush!

To-day, and for five more to come, we'll make every floor displaying stocks hum with the crowds. These might be looked upon as slow times, but we've set the scenes to a crowded house. It's the only solid attraction of its kind in town. There's a caste of values that represent invincible stars; in fact, no previous week offered greater delight for the thrift abiders. Credit doesn't cost a cent additional. You can buy as much as you desire and make the settlement as easy and convenient as you like.

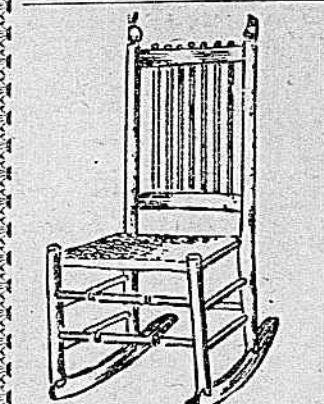


There's not a better value in the city than this large oak Bedroom Suite. Beautifully carved Dressing Case, large Washstand and Bed. Elegantly carved and finished. A \$25 value. **\$21.50**

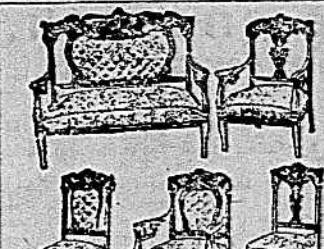
Carpets and Mattings.

Our stock is well worth a visit. The range of assortment practically limitless and the prices correct.

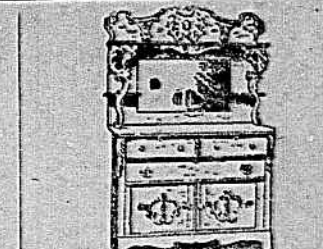
Heavy Ingrain Carpet, a yard.....35c
Fancy Mattings, a yard.....12-12c
Heavy Brussels Carpets, a yard.....75c
Extra Quality Fancy Matting, a yard.....15c
Large Fringe Rug.....95c



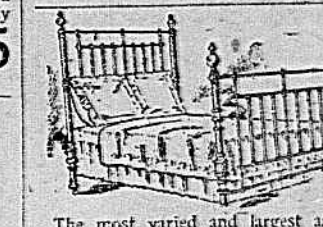
This nice, easy and comfortable Rocker, substantially finished, with strong Rattan Seat..... **58c**



One of the banner attractions for tomorrow is this magnificent 5 large piece Parlor Suite. Made with a finely carved mahogany finished frame. Beautifully upholstered in fine silk tapestry. For only..... **\$26.75**



Not a finer one in the city for the price. A handsome Golden Oak Sideboard with beautiful front, elegantly carved and finished. Large French Mirror..... **\$12.50**



The most varied and largest assortment of Brass and White Enamelled Beds in the city. A very elaborate White Enamelled Bed, with heavy pillars, large brass vases, rails, and spindles..... **\$12.50**

A fine White Enamelled Brass Trimmed Bed. Any size..... **\$3.95**



Excellent Six-foot Oak Extension Table, golden oak finish, with five legs, for only..... **\$4.25**

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.
MAYER & PETTIT,
Southern Furniture and Carpet Co., 7 and 9 West Broad Street.

COOKING DONE BY ELECTRICITY

Residents of Richmond Will be Among the "the Cookers."

THE UNDERGROUND SYSTEM.

A Power House is Being Constructed and a Canal Being Dug—Work on Conduits Nearing Completion. Will Supply City and Suburbs.

"The underground system for supplying the city with electricity promises to be a great safeguard against accidents from wires which have hitherto radiated over the heads of people on the streets, and have caused accidents and deaths."

Many of the principal thoroughfares have been torn up within the past few weeks to allow this work to proceed. Vigorous efforts are being made to complete the work within the allotted time, and it is astonishing to observe how quickly the streets are torn up, the conduits laid and the streets covered over again, as if nothing had gone on underneath.

For several squares up Main street barriers on either side of the trench are placed to protect the workmen from entombment in the earth. The work presents a very interesting view, inasmuch as it is the scene of the putting down of the first underground electric system in the South.

The James River Power Company will supply the electricity through these wires. They will be used all over the city and in the suburbs. The power-house of the Company is now being constructed on the site of the old Haxall Mills, where a canal is being dug to supply water for the engines.

PUSHING THE WORK.

No time is lost in pushing forward the completion of the work, which is being done by the Vittrified Clay Conduit Company, of New York and Chicago. The principal streets of the city are scenes of the trenches and conduits. Besides the work now going on up Main street, trenches up Governor to Broad, up Ninth to Grace and Franklin and out these streets to the western part of the city, trenches are being dug and conduits placed in position.

Under this system the people of Richmond will be supplied with electricity in their homes at wonderfully low figures. It has been estimated that the electricity will be a great deal cheaper than gas, and many well-known concerns have already expressed their willingness to discontinue the use of gas in order to use electricity supplied by the underground system.

It is only a matter of time when the residents of the city will be using the electricity for cooking purposes. When some inventor comes along with an "electric stove" the city will be prepared for its inauguration in Richmond homes by being able to cope with the demand for electricity.

Already some inventor has devised a machine to consume the smoke which comes from large manufacturing plants in the cities, and it does not seem at all strange to predict that Richmonders will be among the first to try cooking by electricity.

ELECTRIC FIRE ALARM.
Superintendent W. H. Thompson, of

the Fire Department, has, by his untiring and undaunted zeal, been a great help in promoting the interests of the city. Under his supervision, the Edison electric tube system has been established in this city and a most successful operation of them has been the result. The tubes are three inches in diameter and connect with the principal places in the city.

The pipes traverse along the following streets: From Twelfth and Broad to Main street, Franklin from Third to Harrison; Grace from First to Ninth; Ninth to Fourteenth down Main; Cary from Sixth to Fourteenth; Second from Franklin to Broad; Madison from Franklin to Broad; Sixth from Main to Broad; Twelfth from Main to Cary; Governor from Main to Broad; Fourteenth from Main to Cary.

This is a great convenience for the Fire Department and saves a great deal of trouble and misunderstanding in case of fire.

RURAL MUSINGS.

Changes That Are Taking Place in the Country in Virginia.

CHRISTIE, VA., Jan. 20.—Special.—The exceptionally favorable weather of last fall and of the present winter, for the most part, has made locomotion in these rural parts a delight. The usual mud and slush of winter have been conspicuous for their absence in the roads and it has seemed to be a continuation of fall weather, save the cold snaps which have intervened. Such weather rural parts is favorable to the indulgence of the poetic mood and the desire is strong to hie away to the recesses of nature's hiding places in the woods and listen to each her voices.

The poetic occupations of country life are going on around us. The rural parts are not much poetry in going to mill to get the grist ground or much sentiment in hauling fuel from the sombre woods to make fires in the home, but such employments are useful and indispensable. Then there are errands to be run, like going to the stores and occasional visits to nearby towns with the privilege of hunting the swift, darting partridge and other game, so that our life is not without its amusements.

The grand feeling of freedom which possesses one as he takes in his lungs the pure air and looks upon these woods and hills, upon which God lets His sunlight so lavishly fall, one in liberty-loving America appreciates.

Such visits are worth the name, for often the breaking of bread and the feasting together is a part of the programme, and where is an indescribable charm about rural feasts that are appreciated, not only by the rural folk, but city citizens like it really to get a finger in country-made pie.

Rural marriages these days are not like they used to be in the days of And Lull Song, when such elaborate preparations were made to feast all the persons honoring such an event with their presence.

Then tables groaned under the luxuries piled upon them and the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" had right of way. Now such feasts are seldom spread of rural nuptials, but all the same Hymen's altar in rural parts has lost none of its popularity.

It is surprising how quickly rumors of such occurrences spread in the country and large crowds gather to witness them. In these, as well as other things, the spirit of change, so visible of late years, now clearly reigns.

The deer in the farms by the colored people there is another thing that makes changes in the country so apparent, and one can't wonder how the farms can be run successfully when laborers are so few.

But the new regime will settle its own affairs and the such elaborate preparations were made to feast all the persons honoring such an event with their presence.

UNUSUAL MORTALITY.

People Who do Not Love Free Silver—Less But Democracy More.

ORANGE, VA., Jan. 16.—Special.—This county has suffered more loss of life in the past six months than in any time of the same duration since the war of 1860—'65. Typhoid and scarlet fevers, smallpox, diphtheria and measles have found victims and left bereaved homes.

The fall was propitious to spread any generation of disease. Cholera among hogs and chickens, murrain among cattle have, during this period, been bad in localities.

The people harvested fine rice, and to-day plows are running and blue-birds singing.

There is a strong sentiment among many ardent Bryan men that "free silver" should take a back seat in the next Presidential election, not that they love silver less, but Democracy more. There have been several fits of minor importance during the week. Tom Hicks lost his house and contents near Stevens Mill.

IF YOU HAVE LEAKY ROOFS OR DAMP WALLS

I Can Repair Them With a Very Small Cost.

For references, N. W. Bowe, S. H. Hawes, Atlantic Coast Line and hundreds of others.

L.D. JOHNSON
1424 East Main St.
P. O. Box 176.

Old Phone 164.
New Phone 1419.

ORGANIZED 1832.
THE VIRGINIA
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ASSETS..... \$800,000

W. H. PALMER..... President
W. H. MCCARTHY..... Secretary

THE AMBULANCE DOCTORS' TRIALS

What the Young Doctors Have to Contend With on Their Rounds.

THE ABUSE OF THE SERVICE.

Ingratitude Often the Only Beward the Doctors Get—No Drunken Men Allowed to Ride—Other Interesting Points.

"How would you like to be the ice man?" is a question that is very frequently asked, when one hears his friend complaining of his lot in life and the hard road he is compelled to traverse, but no one has ever asked, "How would you like to be the Ambulance Surgeon?"

So far as having a hard time, the young doctors who are in charge of the City Ambulance have, to some extent, a thankless job, but sometimes the cases that they are called out to attend are so ridiculous that they would make an Egyptian mummy laugh.

At all hours of the night the young physician who has charge of the "Carry-All" is aroused out of his bed, no matter how severe the weather, and hurried off to some part of the city to attend some one who has been hurt or has gotten into a difficulty. The doctor gives the necessary treatment and returns to the Hospital, to be aroused possibly within the next few minutes to answer another call.

It is not unfrequent that the young negro men, who have stayed out until the cars have stopped running, will faint sickness and call out the ambulance in order to be carried home, but it is seldom that the doctor does not find out their complaint and disappoint their wishes.

This practice is not alone confined to the negro element, as the doctor can testify.

WANTED TO RIDE.
Christmas night the Ambulance was called to the First Police Station, and the doctor responded in haste, although it was raining hard. On arriving there, he found a gentleman, who said he had a

carried to his home. He told the doctor, who was on duty, that he was a Franklin street. An examination was made and the gentleman was found to be in perfect health. The doctor informed him that nothing was the matter with him and also told him that he ought to be ashamed of such behavior. The gentleman became enraged and swore at the ambulance physician, but he had to walk home.

Another thing, for which the Ambulance is called out, is when a party of young men, who have been drinking and one or more of them have become drunk and unable to walk. Their friend will call out the Ambulance and request the doctor to carry them home. This is positively against the orders of the physician in chief and is never done, but the doctor is still called out for this purpose.

There is an unwritten rule at the Hospital as in many northern cities. The ambulance is called out to attend a patient, dead in the Ambulance, thereby forfeits an oyster supper to his colleagues. One of the doctors had a very narrow escape in this line not many days ago. The Ambulance arrived at the Hospital on a run, and the excitement had subsided the doctor came down to the office to make a report of the case. As he entered the door he called out "A narrow escape that time. Grode." The physician had no idea of it, but he had brought the driver to run the horse and had long plenty of stimulants, you would have won the supper." The patient died two minutes after arriving at the Hospital.

The Ambulance was called out one day to attend a negro whose skull had been fractured by a large stone falling upon him. A small piece of skin had also been knocked from his shin. When the doctor arrived, the man was making a great deal of noise and begged the doctor to do something for him. The doctor informed him that he was very badly hurt, but that he would do his best for him. When the physician had no more to do, the man called out: "Taint there, doctor, taint there, it's here," and pointed at his shin.

HUMAN INGRATITUDE.
In many cases accidents occurring outside the city limits are responded to by the Ambulance, simply as a matter of accommodation and humanity. Whenever these accidents are reported by the physician is sure to be greeted by the patients in somewhat the following manner: "I thought you had me getting into that Ambulance. Don't want it. Go away, what did you come here for?" or "ride in that thing—what do you take me for?"

Well, the doctors who came simply to accommodate the suffering, try to explain the situation, but to no effect and as they start off, they are abused by the crowd for deserting their patients. Again an explanation is necessary and the doctor starts to return homeward when some member of the family appeals to the doctor to return and the accommodating physician does so. After getting the patient into good shape, the doctor is again requested to say nothing about the Ambulance being called and to keep it out of the papers. When they learn that the doctor walked in he was pleased of machinery, you can do the same work quicker and better don't be afraid to try it; it will pay for itself."

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AN OLD FASHIONED PLACE.

Forkville, Mecklenburg County, in the Old Days and Now.

FORKVILLE, VA., Jan. 20.—Special.—What a monument of pessimism to the man who falls to see and appreciate the unmistakable evidences of thrift and progress observable everywhere, from the Capamaguddy Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Linguistic to Oshkosh. Especially grateful should we be here, for since the day when the old road wagon ceased to be the conveyance for goods and produce, this neighborhood has been absolutely what Cousin William Cagill used to call "the outskirts of civilization."

Forkville was in the early days of this century a famous camp-ground for the wagons between Petersburg and Guilford, Salisbury and other North Carolinian towns. There is living near here now an old wagoner and a load of great observance in he was much of a wagoner, and from Linguistic to Oshkosh. Especially grateful should we be here, for since the day when the old road wagon ceased to be the conveyance for goods and produce, this neighborhood has been absolutely what Cousin William Cagill used to call "the outskirts of civilization."

There are men now living who will tell that in winter it often took all day with a six-horse team and a load of great observance in he was much of a wagoner, and from Linguistic to Oshkosh. Especially grateful should we be here, for since the day when the old road wagon ceased to be the conveyance for goods and produce, this neighborhood has been absolutely what Cousin William Cagill used to call "the outskirts of civilization."

Boynton, the county seat, and in 1853-3 a plank road was constructed from Petersburg to Boynton, which passed here, and Binford's Fork was perhaps the most noted stopping place for the mail stages which then passed. After the war the bridges on the Meherrin went down, and we were left alone in our glory until the